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evident that she had overheard the postmaster's observations.

"Good morning," said Rack.

"If," she said, "you'll get away from the window I'll get my mail."

"Whose mail?" asked Charley.

"You know very well whose mail," Cornelia said angrily.

"You haven't," said the postmaster, "got no double-dratted notorious yet that I know you by sight."

"Charley," said Rack, "this is Cornelia."

"In that case," said the postmaster, "I'll give you your letters. . . . Bunny, she's right on the rugged edge of being beautiful. Best doggone set of legs that've come to Memorton in years. Lovely eyes. Useful chin. Hair you can't sniff at. Lots of money. Why don't you marry her? Not afraid of an acid-etching disposition, are you?"

"My mail," said Cornelia in cold fury.

There was a great deal of it, including parcel post. Rack took it from the shelf. "I'll carry it to your car," he said casually.

"That constitutes as good a start as any," said Charley.

Cornelia was about to protest, but reconsidered. She turned with stiff back and walked to the door.

"Where's your car?" Rack asked.

"I walked in," she said, and then, "Why were you and that awful old man snooping in our house last night?"

"You've complained that the neighbors weren't neighborly," he said. "We were extending the right hand of fellowship."

"You were snooping," she said. "I want to know why." Her eyes were troubled. The anger went out of them, to be replaced by anxiety. "You came for some purpose. I—I listened. I could see you. After you left, I heard a shot. What was it?"

"Rabbit hunter, maybe."

"It was not. Did someone shoot at you? And why? What did you see in our library that made you look so smug?"

"Smug," he said, "is probably my natural expression, and why should anyone shoot at me?"

"I want to know," she said, "what you are trying to do to my father. What have you against him? Something is going on. It has all happened since you came."

"What all has happened?" he asked.

She shook her lovely head. "Everything is different," she said. "Father is—queer. It is not like him to be queer, because he is naturally very easy to understand. He—I think that he is afraid. What have you done that would make him afraid?"

"Miss Jacklin," Rack said, "I give you my word that I have consciously done nothing to make your father afraid." He paused and the back creases over his nose that people called supercilious. "There should be perfect confidence between a girl and a man who are going to be married. Why not ask Nason?"

"It is nothing to you what man I choose to marry."

"Oh, quite."

"I love my father," she said gravely. "He is a good man. Why are you plotting against him? What are you trying to do to him?"

"Miss Jacklin, I never heard your father's name until the day I came home. If anyone is plotting against him, it is not I."

"Then that awful man you call Uncle Bobber."

"Not he," said Rack. "But things have happened—curious things, things that arouse suspicions. There is a distinct aroma of skunk. I didn't go looking for those things; they came and perched on my shoulder. Mysterious boats landing at night at my dock; people prowling and whacking my father over the head with a blunt instrument; warriors taking pot shots out of the bushes. Queer and unpleasant characters showing up in Memorton. Outside at the gate and then in the underbrush watching the guests. I've a very understandable curiosity about it all."

She regarded him with level eyes. "Are you telling me honestly that you are not trying to do something unpleasant to father?"

"Exactly that."

"And that you don't know what is going on?"

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"We might as well slow down again—he's found some more funny papers!"

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